

The Evening World.

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STUDIES IN MURPHYISM.

II.

DECEMBER 9, 1907, Gov. Hughes removed John F. Ahearn, earlier Tammany district leader, from the office of President of the Borough of Manhattan.

An investigation conducted by the Commissioner of Accounts, also hearings ordered by the Governor himself, had brought out convincing evidence that while Ahearn was Borough President large sums of taxpayers' money were spent without being properly accounted for; that over \$14,000,000 expended in three years had gone in part to swell the profits of favored contractors who charged the city what they liked regardless of current prices for labor and materials; that asphalt concerns were paid for repairs they had contracted to make without charge; that payrolls were padded with the names of men who were never employed.

For proved misconduct in office, Gov. Hughes removed Ahearn from office, as provided by the law.

Yet ten days later, on the afternoon of Dec. 19, 1907, the Manhattan Aldermen defied Governor and Mayor, and by a vote of 24 to 12 restored this same Ahearn to the office of Borough President of Manhattan.

Why?

Because the Tammany Aldermen who voted that afternoon for Ahearn's re-election obeyed the imperative, explicit orders of a man whose power they held greater than the authority of the Governor of New York State or the ruling of the Mayor of New York City.

Because that man, although he held no public office and recognized no official responsibility to the people of city or State, could nevertheless defy the laws of both, put Ahearn back in office and keep him there until nearly two years later when the Court of Appeals definitely sustained his removal.

The man who possessed this power and used it in contempt of Constitution or Charter was Charles F. Murphy—the same who has picked a Hylan for Mayor of New York.

Is that an autocracy the city wants back again?

POPULAR IN THE BIGGEST SENSE.

THE best feature in the success of the Second Liberty Loan is the indication that the total number of subscribers will be found to be as high as 10,000,000.

In this district alone it is estimated that 3,000,000 persons bought bonds.

This means beyond all doubt that the great work of popularizing war loans has not been undertaken in vain.

It means that American workers and wage-earners have come to see Liberty Bonds for what they are: The best proof of patriotism, and at the same time the readiest means of saving with the surest return that can be found anywhere to-day.

It means that the plan urged by The Evening World and enthusiastically adopted by the biggest savings banks in this city, whereby depositors and the public are invited to subscribe for bonds at the savings bank and to pay for them in instalments out of future earnings, goes to the very heart of the problem by putting the small investor and wage-earner in direct touch with the nation's needs through the saving habit which he knows to be, for his own interests as well, the most profitable that he can cultivate.

The day after this newspaper presented its plan it received the following message from Washington:

To the Editor of The Evening World:

The Evening World's proposal for a Liberty Bond campaign among wage-earners is admirable. These great loans can only be raised by the help of millions of working men and working women. The Government's disbursements for war supplies are on an enormous scale. Its demands are causing wage increases on all sides. The proceeds of the loans are widely distributed, going at last mainly to wage-earners, and they must be gathered up and turned over and over in order to keep the Treasury supplied and win the war.

FRANK A. VANDERLIP.

President National City Bank of New York.

That is why Liberty Bond buyers who fail to get all the bonds they purchased, because of oversubscription, should set an example by accepting war savings certificates instead.

Once link the saving habit with Liberty Loans, making the chain continuous, and the success of future Liberty Bond campaigns is assured.

Letters From the People.

Please limit communications to 150 words.

Suburbanite Prefers to Live in City.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

I have read Dr. Wood's statement about city and country life, and from my experience I agree with him that the city is the better place to live, especially in winter. The mother of a family who cannot live a maid certainly hasn't the drudgery in a modern apartment that the woman has who lives in the country or suburbs. I hear of far more physicians being called since living in a suburb than I did in the city, to treat patients for colds in the winter and malaria fever in the spring and fall, the latter disease probably being spread by flies and mosquitoes.

When I was a city dweller I did not have to breathe the dust-laden air that I do here in the summer every time a wagon or auto passes on the road.

A FORMER CITY DWELLER.

Why Not Al Smith?

To the Editor of The Evening World:

The battle cry of the Fusion Party is for good municipal government regardless of party affiliation. To that I subscribe. Let us select the best men without regard to party. That principle should be applied in

the selection of a President for the Board of Aldermen. I find that the newspapers and our eminent publicists speak in high praise of Alfred E. Smith's character and ability, his public services as a member and Speaker of the Assembly, as a member of the Charter Revision Committee, Constitutional Convention, Factory Investigating Commission, and the manner in which he has filled the other public offices he has held. I know his opinions, an able and fine gentleman, but without Smith's experience and popularity for the position of President of the Board of Aldermen. Ritting as a juror, dispassionately weighing the respective qualifications of both men, can one help but find a verdict in favor of Mr. Smith? If this be so, is it not one's duty to vote for him regardless of party?

I remember that Mayor Mitchell cast his vote for Smith as Sheriff two years ago. The Mayor has appointed him to the membership of distinguished commissions, thus clearly testifying to the high esteem in which he is held by all factions in this city. From whatever angle you look at it, it would seem as if Mr. Smith is entitled to the votes of the citizens of this city. I. M. LEVY.

Who Hylan Is!

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By J. H. Cassel



War Demands World's Wool Supply

Clothing and blankets for our Army call for surplus formerly released for Allies' needs, and magnitude of Army requirements forecasts shortage already felt.

THE present world war is causing an alarming shortage in the wool market in the United States. More sheep are now on our ranges than ever before in the history of the country, but wool plays a decidedly important part in conducting war on a large scale. The largeness of this part is brought within the reach of understanding by the following facts and figures, reprinted by special permission from the Illustrated World, Chicago.

In the first place, the United States is raising and equipping a huge army. It must be clothed and blanketed and all clothing and blankets must be made of the best grade of long wool obtainable, which has never been used before. This is the grade used in civil life to make overcoats which retail at \$50, tailored suits which cost from \$15 to \$75, and blankets which sell in stores for from \$25 to \$40 a pair.

An inkling of the difficulties this task involves may be gathered from Great Britain's experience in facing the same problem. In August, 1914, the British land forces numbered about 250,000 men. To-day they are several millions. During the first twenty months of the war 30,000,000 yards of woolen cloth

were called for from Great Britain. Flannel, used mostly in the manufacture of shirts, aggregated 88,000,000 yards. About 26,000,000 shirts were manufactured in twenty months by contractors. Of buttons alone, 340,000,000 were needed.

The demand on British industry for woolen materials has been increased sixty-one fold. The British Army today demands weekly nearly as many suits of clothes as formerly it consumed in twelve months. Blankets were needed in enormous numbers and the British Government was not prepared to meet the demand. By scientific organization and vigorous action this deficiency was quickly made good. In the period from August, 1914, to March 31, 1916, 19,000,000 blankets were called for—eighty-six times the ration of peace times.

Owing to the fact that Europe's output is practically paralyzed by the war, the United States has been called upon to furnish materials for use abroad almost surpassing the amount which is being clipped for home use. During the twelve months ending June, 1917, \$18,420,000 worth of wool manufactures were shipped out of the country as against \$4,730,097 during the same period of 1914.

Thousands of pounds of felt, which is made from old woolen clothing blankets, &c., is being used in the manufacture of munitions and the supply is to a great extent coming from the United States and South America.

In civilian life, blankets last from five to twenty-five years and clothing from one to five seasons. But in time of war clothing and blankets are often destroyed by a shell, torn to ribbons on the barbed wire, lost in the mud or sunk in the sea. The maximum life of a garment in army service is about four to six months, and its minimum period of existence is less than five minutes.

There are thousands of men fighting for the Allies to-day who are wearing uniforms of the poorest cotton cloth. These Uncle Sam would like to help but at the present time his future army of ten million represents a large order on the wool market and one that America will have to hustle to fill during the next twelve months.

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The Jarr Family

By Roy L. McCardell

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"MY dear, you must really excuse me for calling on you at so uncharitably an hour—actually before daylight!" gusted Mrs. Clara Mudridge-Smith, "but I got so in the habit of early rising to go out on the Second Liberty Loan Drive, doing my bit, that really I'm a nervous wreck!"

Mrs. Jarr did not need to look at the clock recording some minutes after 11 in the forenoon. Mrs. Jarr knew she had made all the beds, swept up the flat and done almost all the rest of Gertrude's, the maid, morning work, and hence knew it was well toward noon, but she permitted her visitor to continue her go out at Sunrise unchecked.

"Yes, I've just got in such a ner-

vous condition that I must get up practically before daylight!" continued the opulent young matron. "Talk of sacrifices for one's country! Think of me up and out at this hour! And then, look at all the knitting I have done for the army and navy! I don't Jarr had no microscope so she didn't attempt to look.

"You didn't come around to see me at this hour of the day, early as you pretend to think it is, and late as I know it to be, to talk about your labors for the Liberty Loan, or your poor hands worn to the bone by the rough heavy ivory knitting needles you use," remarked Mrs. Jarr coldly. "What do you want? Out with it!"

"Oh, you cruel thing! Why do you always misconstrue my motives?" asked the caller plaintively. "You make me cry, positively!" And she rushed to Mrs. Jarr's mirror and powdered her nose, furnishing her own powder, pad and nose.

"Well, I know you've come for something!" "Why, certainly I have, and why shouldn't I?" interrupted Mrs. Jarr. "Mudridge-Smith. Haven't you always been a mother to me?"

"I should say I have—in everything except age," remarked Mrs. Jarr. "And I've got about the same repayment a mother gets—which is that I am only brought your sorrows to share. But, once and for all, please stop alluding to my being a mother to you! I am no older than you are, I married when I was young, and hence I never had to be a professional flapper, as you did!"

"Why, what do you mean by that—a professional flapper?" asked the visitor. "Oh, you know!" said Mrs. Jarr. "Your hair in a braid when you were nineteen, dresses to your shapely thighs, and when short skirts were not the style for grown women—and carrying around high school books till you were twenty-three, and talking about taking exams to get into

the first thing a bride has to learn is that the distance from a man's office to his home is always at least three times as long as the distance from his home to his office.

The first time a woman sobs, a man exclaims, "My darling! Forgive me!" The second time he pleads, "Dearest, hush!" The third time he remarks, "Well, what's the matter NOW?"—and after that he merely murmurs "O—s—c—l" and falls asleep.

It doesn't take long for a chronic critic and conscientious objector to "kick" all the gloss off his wife's illusions about him.

The chief blessing of marriage is that it puts an end forever to all those foolish, impossible dreams of a Paradise-on-earth and gives one a chance to enjoy a little calm, normal happiness.

The Kaiser never committed any atrocities more terrible than some of the new fall fashions.

Smith or Vassar when you were twenty-five. Oh, I know I helped you out in it, like a mother, till you did make old man Smith believe it all, and you still keep up the pose as a child-wife with him. But please don't do it with me!"

"I'm sure you are most unkind—and very like a mother the way you talk to me; all mothers do is scold, it seems to me!" said the visitor. "But I am feeling all run down and on the point of collapse, all through the strain of war work—and my pictures not in the papers once!"

"Well, what do you wish me to do for you—get your pictures in the papers?" Mrs. Jarr interrupted, impatiently. "I've done as much war work as you have, and housework, besides. If I could afford it, I'd go somewhere South, say to Palm Beach, for a good, long rest!"

"There, I know you'd sympathize with me and see what I mean, you dear thing!" interjected Mrs. Mudridge-Smith, kissing Mrs. Jarr again, although this meant her recently restored complexion must all be done over again. "Tell my husband!"

"Tell your husband? Why should I tell your husband?" asked Mrs. Jarr in surprise. "So he'll send me away for a good, long rest—to Asheville, or Hot Springs, or some of the other fashionable places, where I can have a good rest, dancing, and horseback riding and playing tennis and golf. I want you to come over this evening and tell my husband how I am breaking down and how badly I am looking, and that I should go away."

"Tell him yourself," said Mrs. Jarr. "I did, but he only said I'd better give up running around all day and dancing all night."

"And will you insist I go along with you as a chaperon, at his expense, too?" asked Mrs. Jarr. "Oh, don't be selfish!" cried the visitor. "One might as well be at a fashionable resort with one's husband as to go with a woman friend who is as praiseworthy as you are!"

To-Day's Anniversary

THE first white men to visit San Francisco Bay were of the expedition of Portola, a Spanish adventurer who became the first governor of California. Portola himself was not a member of the party which, 148 years ago to-day, gazed down upon a bay and the surrounding shores which were later to become the site of San Francisco and Oakland. The honor of discovery belongs to Father Juan Crespi and Sergi Ortega. On the night of Oct. 30, 1769, they ascended a hill, and says Crespi: "As soon as we had arrived on the summit we

came in sight of a large bay, formed by a promontory of land which extends into the sea and that the island." The priest adds that the soldiers in the party saw "beautiful plains, studded with groves," and "the doubt that this locality was thickly inhabited." Gaspar de Portola, "Captain of Dragons and Governor of the California," probably never saw the bay in 1572, when he landed at a point thirty miles to the southwest.